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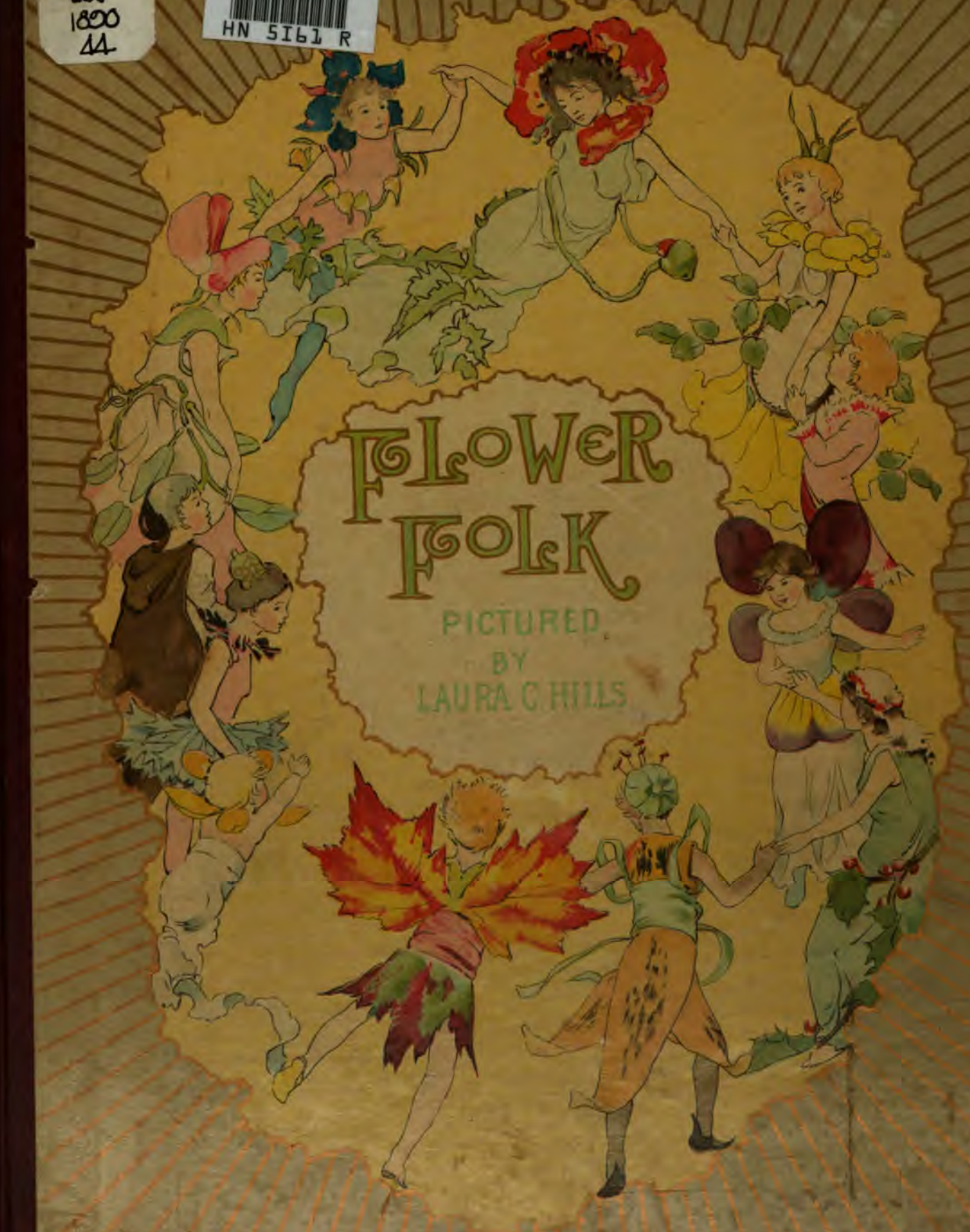

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FROM THE BOOKS
IN THE HOMESTEAD OF
Sarah Orne Jewett
AT SOUTH BERWICK, MAINE

BEQUEATHED BY
Theodore Jewett Eastman
A.B. 1901 - M.D. 1905
1931

Mrs. Jewett

With her and all good wishes

from

Helen B. Merriman.

Christmas. 1890.

FLOWER · FOLK

NEW ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLORS AND IN MONOTINT

BY

LAURA [illegible] HILLS

NEW VERSES BY

ANNA · M. · PRATT

NEW YORK

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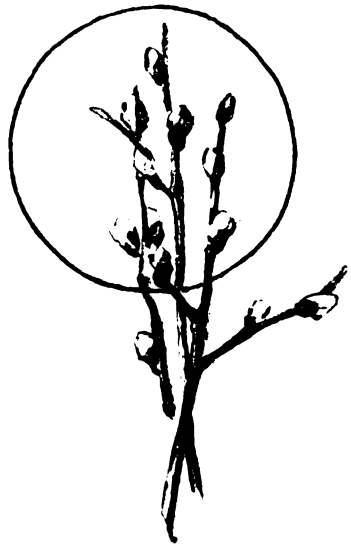

PUSSY WILLOW.

BEFORE THE BLUEBIRD WINGS ITS WAY
TO NORTHERN GLADE AND DELL,
THERE COMES A DEAR AND HAPPY DAY
WHEN BUDS BEGIN TO SWELL.

PERHAPS THEY SEE (WE KNOW NOT HOW)
SOME SECRET, BECKONING SIGN,
FOR SOON ON EVERY WILLOW BOUGH
THE SILVERY CATKINS SHINE.

BY SINGING STREAMS SO LATELY DUMB
THE MERRY CHILDREN SHOUT,
(O, JOYFUL NEWS!) "THE SPRING HAS COME!
THE PUSSY WILLOW'S OUT!"

PERIWINKLE.

GARLANDED WITH GLOSSY LEAVES,
PERIWINKLE SITS AND WEAVES
A BOWERY SCREEN;
BLOSSOMS, BLUE AS NOONDAY SKIES,
THRO' ITS LATTICE BARS ARISE
OR PEER BETWEEN.

PERIWINKLE, COULD WE HEAR
ALL THE SOUNDS THAT FILL THINE EAR
FOR ONE SHORT HOUR,
WE SHOULD KNOW HOW GRASSES GROW,
HEAR THE RUSH OF STREAMS THAT FLOW
THRO' LEAF AND FLOWER.

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CROCUS.

THERE'S A HURRYING
UNDER THE SNOW
AND A SCURRYING
TO AND FRO;
IT IS TIME TO BE PETALED —
THE QUESTION IS SETTLED —
AND **CROCUS** BEGINS TO GROW.

THERE'S UNLOCKING
OF LONG-SHUT DOORS
AND A FLOCKING
'NEATH GARDEN FLOORS;
NOW SOME BRIGHT CHILLY MORNING
HER BUDS, WITHOUT WARNING,
WILL LAUGH IN OUR FACES BY SCORES.

DANDELION.

DANDELION, GROWING WILD,
YOU'RE A LITTLE COUNTRY CHILD,
ROAMING THRO' THE MEADOW GRASS,
MAKING FRIENDS OF ALL WHO PASS,
LIVING BLITHELY IN THE SUN,
GOING TO SLEEP WHEN DAY IS DONE.

IN YOUR PRETTY SUIT OF YELLOW,
YOU'RE A HAPPY LITTLE FELLOW;
BUT SOME MORNING YOU'LL AWAKE,
FIND YOUR HEAD AS WHITE AS SNOW;
YES, DEAR CHILD, 'TIS NO MISTAKE,
WE WERE OLD FOLK LONG AGO.

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LADY'S DELIGHT.

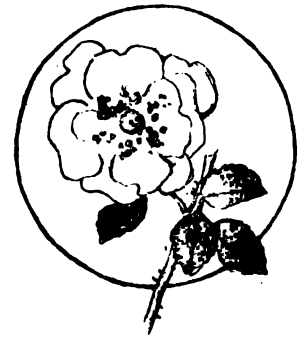
I WENT IN THE MORNING TO FIND A ROSE
FOR MY LADY'S DELIGHT—
NOT ONE HAD BLOOMED IN THE GARDEN CLOSE
THRO' A DAY AND NIGHT.

THE FLOWERS THAT WERE FAIR BUT YESTER NOON
WERE TOUCHED WITH BLIGHT
AND I SEARCHED IN VAIN FOR A CHILD OF JUNE,
DESPAIRING QUITE,

TILL THREE LITTLE SISTERS, SIDE BY SIDE,
PRESSED INTO SIGHT;
"PICK ME! PICK ME!" EACH SOFTLY CRIED,
I'M A "LADY'S DELIGHT!"

NARCISSUS.

IN THE DAYS OF THE DRYADS, FAR OVER THE SEA,
THE LOVELY NARCISSUS ROAMED, CARELESS AND FREE,
TILL HE SAW IN A RIVULET'S CRYSTALLINE TIDE
A SHADOW THAT HELD HIM ENTRANCED BY ITS SIDE.
FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE FOUNTAIN SEEMED EVER TO RISE
THE FACE OF A MAIDEN WITH ANSWERING EYES.
'TWAS A VISION SO GENTLE NOT ONCE DID HE DREAM
THAT HE LOOKED ON HIMSELF AS HE BENT O'ER THE STREAM.
HE GAZED AND HE PINED TILL HE FADED FROM SIGHT
AND WHERE HE HAD LANGUISHED THERE ROSE TO THE LIGHT
THIS DELICATE BLOSSOM, FRAGRANT AND WHITE.



ROSE.

THE ROSE PUT ON HER YELLOW GOWN,
(HEIGH! HO! MY DARLING)
AND 'ON HER HEAD AN EMERALD CROWN,
(HEIGH! HO! MY DARLING)

SHE THREW A NECKLACE ROUND HER THROAT
AND IN THE DANCE BEGAN TO FLOAT,
THE WHILE SHE SANG THIS THRILLING NOTE,
"HEIGH! HO! MY DARLING."

SHE SANG IT ONCE, SHE SANG IT TWICE,
(HEIGH! HO! MY DARLING)
'TWAS ONLY A ROSE'S SWEET DEVICE
(HEIGH! HO! MY DARLING)

TO CALL THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY
AND THE HUMMING BIRD AS IT HOVERED NIGH,
FOR SHE SAID TO EACH WITH A GENTLE SIGH,
"HEIGH! HO! MY DARLING."

LILAC.

SITTING ON A BLOSSOMING BOUGH,
SWEETEST BUD OF ALL ART THOU
THE LILAC E'ER WILL BEAR;
THO' THE REST WILL EARLY FADE
DAILY, DARLING LITTLE MAID,
THOU WILT GROW MORE FAIR.

NESTING ROBINS, FLYING NEAR,
SING FOR JOY TO FIND THEE HERE,
'MONG THE BRANCHES GREEN;
AH! PERCHANCE, THEY KNOW THAT THOU,
THRONED UPON A BLOSSOMING BOUGH,
ART THE LILAC'S QUEEN.

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SWEET PEA.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY **SWEET PEA?**"
"I'M GOING A-GOSSIPING, SIR," SAID SHE;
"THE BUTTERFLIES SAY
THERE'S A WEDDING TO-DAY,
AND I HASTEN TO CARRY THE NEWS TO THE BEE."

"OH! WHAT IS YOUR FORTUNE, MY PRETTY **SWEET PEA?**"
"I'VE ONLY MY GRASS-GREEN GOWN," SAID SHE,
"A LAVENDER BONNET
WITH PURPLE UPON IT,
AND A JAUNTY PINK KIRTLE THAT COMES TO MY KNEE."

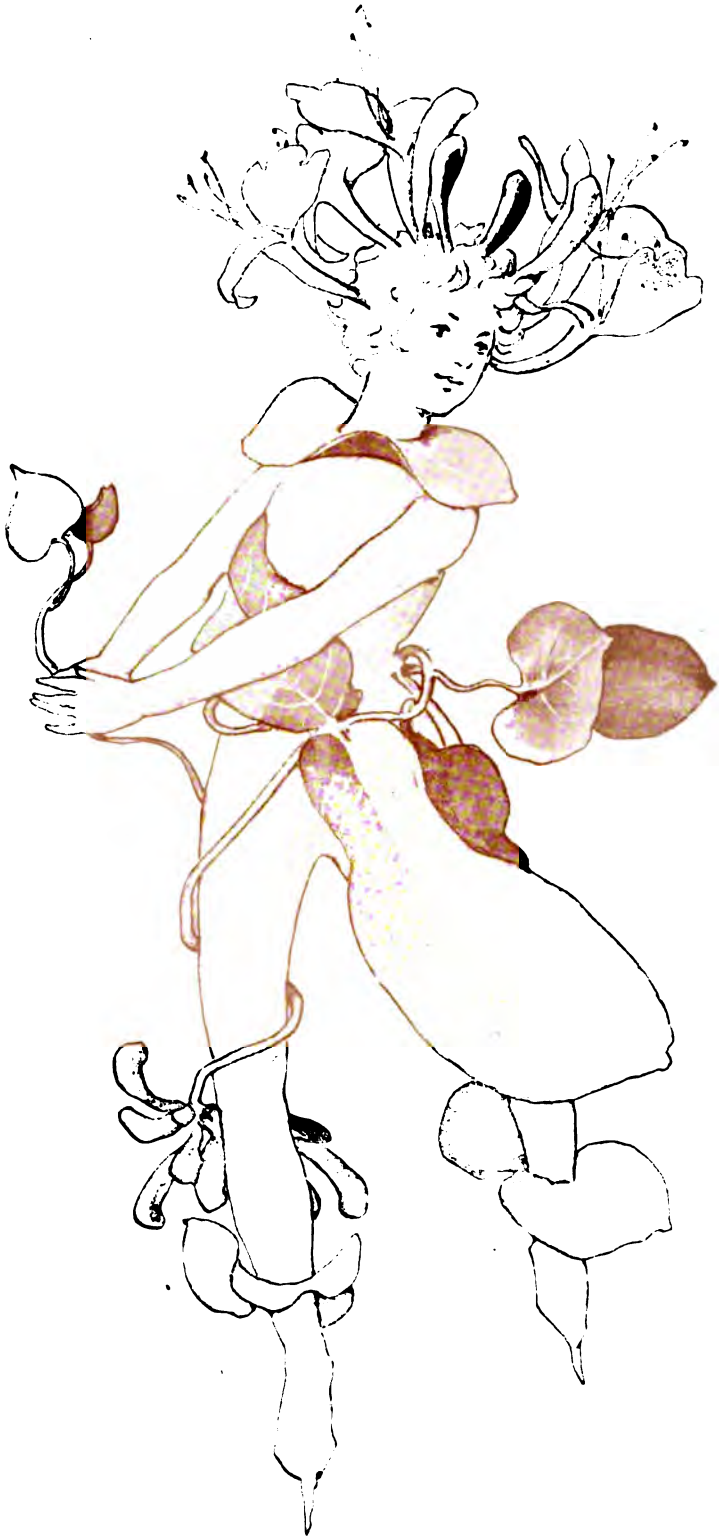
"WOULD THIS WERE OUR WEDDING DAY, PRETTY **SWEET PEA!**"
"I PRYTHEE EXCUSE ME, KIND SIR," SAID SHE;
"A MARRIAGE IN HASTE
IS NOT TO MY TASTE
AND I'M GIVEN TO GADDING—WE MIGHT DISAGREE."

❀ ❀ ❀

COREOPSIS.

COREOPSIS, LIGHT OF FOOT,
CHASING SHADOWS FLEETLY,
AS YOU BOUND ALONG THE GROUND
CLASH YOUR CYMBALS SWEETLY!

YOU'RE A PRETTY GYPSY GIRL,
SUMMER LOVES YOU DEARLY;
DANCE, MY SWEET, WITH BOUNDING FEET!
CLASH YOUR CYMBALS CLEARLY!



SWEET WILLIAM.

FOR SHOWY AND AESTHETIC SUITS
SWEET WILLIAM HAS A PASSION,
HE ALWAYS LOOKS FROM HAT TO BOOTS
THE VERY PINK OF FASHION.

HE FROMENADES THE GARDEN CLOSE
THROUGHOUT THE SHINING HOURS,
NOT ONLY FLOWER OF ALL THE BEAUX
BUT BEAU OF ALL THE FLOWERS.

HONEYSUCKLE.

HONEYSUCKLE SALLIES FORTH,
BIDS THE BREEZE GO SOUTH AND NORTH,
WEST AND EAST TO BEAR THIS WORD
TO HIS COMRADE, HUMMING BIRD.

HUMMING BIRD, HASTE!
I AM MERRY TO MADNESS;
MY HEART'S RUNNING OVER
WITH MIDSUMMER GLADNESS.
OH! FAIR IS THE MORNING,
'TIS FRAGRANT AND SUNNY,
COME WHIRL IN THE WALTZ
AND I'LL FEAST YOU WITH HONEY.

BACHELOR'S BUTTON.

BACHELOR, BACHELOR,
WHEREFORE SO SAD?
THOU ART IN PURPLE
AND FINE LINEN CLAD;
SAD IS THY FACE
THO' SUNNY THE SEASON,
BACHELOR, BACHELOR,
TELL ME THE REASON!

DOST SAY, JAUNTY FELLOW,
THAT REASONS ABOUND
WHEN BACHELOR'S BUTTONS
LIE SCATTERED AROUND?
AHA! I WILL SEW THEM
TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.
BACHELOR, BACHELOR,
BANISH THY SORROW!

MORNING GLORY.

WHEN THE SKY WAS ROSY RED
AND THE SWEET, NEW DAY BEGUN
THE MORNING GLORY RAISED HER HEAD
TO GREET THE SUN.

AND WHEN THE SKY WAS GLEAMING GOLD
SHE SAW HIM ON TH' HORIZON'S RIM
AND BADE HER BABY BUDS UNFOLD
AND BLOOM FOR HIM.

AND WHEN THE SKY WAS DAZZLING BLUE
SHE ROSE WITH SUCH A RADIANT GRACE
A LITTLE SUNBEAM SWIFTLY FLEW
TO KISS HER FACE.

TIGER LILY.

TIGER LILY, STERN AND HAUGHTY,
(HARK! THE BUGLE BLOWS!)
MARCHES FORTH TO HURL DEFIANCE
AT HIS TREACHEROUS FOES.
NEITHER LANCE NOR LONG BOW BEARS HE,
NEITHER SHIELD NOR BUCKLER WEARS HE,
NAUGHT FOR DEATH OR DANGER CARES HE,
FIERCE HIS ANGER GLOWS.

TIGER LILY, STERN AND HAUGHTY,
(HARK! THE TRUMPETS SOUND!)
BY HIS BRAVE AND ROYAL BEARING
SHALL HIS FOES CONFOUND.
FOES SO QUICKLY FAINT AND FEARING
THAT THEY FLEE HIS TAUNTS AND JEERING
WHEN THEY SEE HIM SWIFT APPEARING,
HEAR HIM TREAD THE GROUND.

FOXGLOVE.

SWEET MISTRESS **FOXGLOVE,** WHITHER AWAY?
HAVE YOU VISITS TO PAY
OR A DRIVE IN THE PARK WITH SWEET WILLIAM
TO-DAY?

FOR A FIVE O'CLOCK TEA YOU ARE DAINTILY
DRESSED?
LAUGH LIGHTLY AND JEST—
AND SMOTHER THAT SIGH WHEN YOU WELCOME
A GUEST.

POPPY.

FROM COVERT SHADY,
OH! GENTLE LADY,
I SEE THEE STAND
BENEATH BLAZING SKIES;
THY GORGEOUS COLOR
GROWS DULL AND DULLER
AND FADES AWAY
FROM MY DROWSY EYES.

I WAKE FROM DREAMING
AND IS IT BUT SEEMING
THAT OVER THY FACE
THE SHADOWS CREEP?
IF THY SCARLET FLOWER
HAS A MAGIC POWER,
OH! POPPY, THOU TOO
MAY BE SOOTHED TO SLEEP.

NASTURTIUM.

NASTURTIUM IN YOUR PETALED HOOD,
HOW MUCH SUN AND AIR AND DEW
WILL OPEN WIDE THAT FOLDED BUD
AND MAKE ANOTHER FLOWER LIKE YOU?
IF I HAD THE POWER TO CHOOSE
JUST SO MUCH I FAIN WOULD USE.

WHEN YOU SKILFULLY PREPARE
SWEETS AND STINGS FOR LEAF AND STEM,
HOW MUCH DEW AND SUN AND AIR
DO YOU TAKE FOR MIXING THEM?
IF I HAD THE POWER TO CHOOSE
JUST SO MUCH I FAIN WOULD USE.

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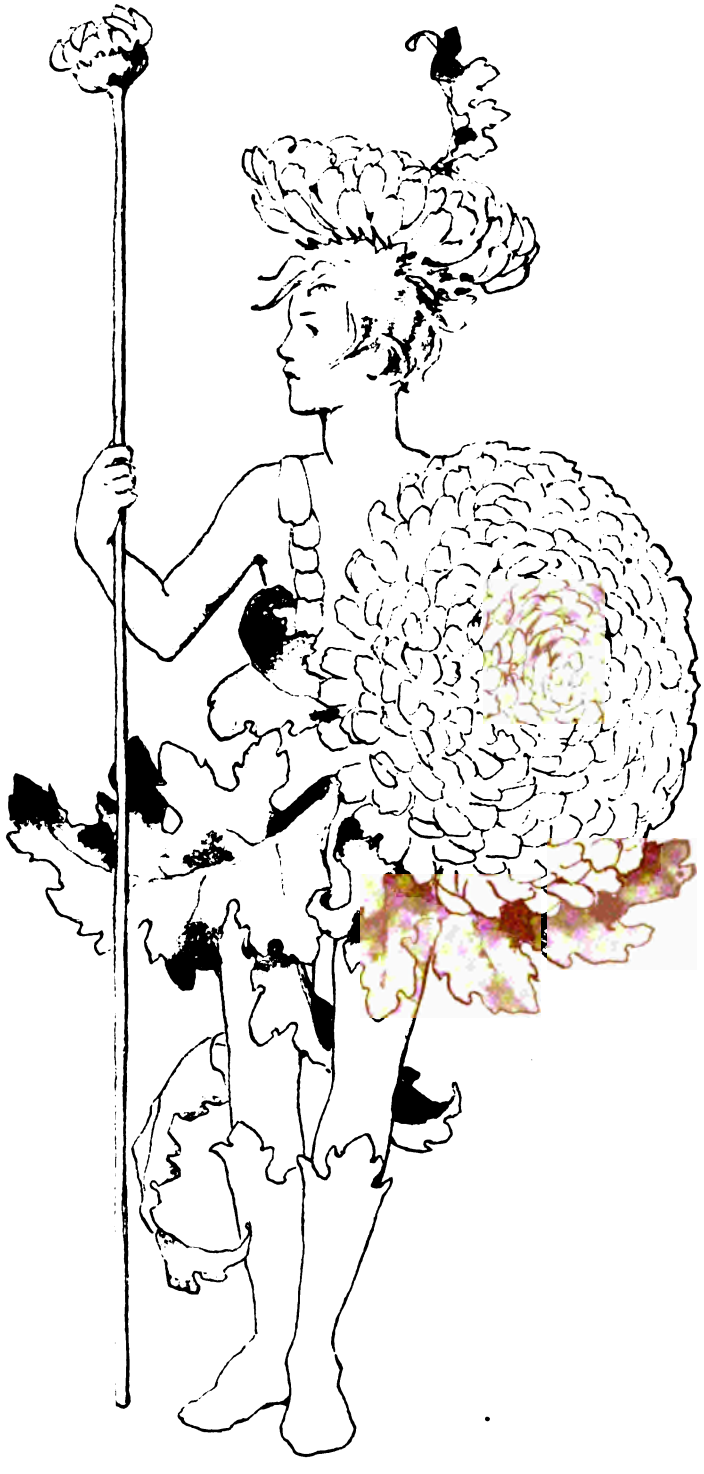

HOLLY.

THERE ARE DRIFTS ON THE HILL,
  THERE IS ICE ON THE RIVER;
OH! HOLLY, 'TIS FOLLY
  TO STAND THERE AND SHIVER.

YOUR FEET WILL BE FROSTED,
  YOUR FINGERS WILL TINGLE;
COME, HOLLY, BE JOLLY,
  AND SIT BY OUR INGLE.

WE'LL SHAKE OFF THE SNOW
  FROM LEAF AND FROM BERRY;
YOU SHALL TWINE US A WREATH,
  AND THEN WE'LL MAKE MERRY.

WE'LL WELCOME THE YULE
  WITH FROLIC AND FOLLY;
YOU MUST JOIN IN THE REVELS,
  SO, HOLLY, BE JOLLY.

CHINA ASTER.

ASTER, ARMED WITH AUTUMN SPLENDOR,
TH' GARDEN'S KNIGHT AND BOLD DEFENDER,
DOST THOU AWAIT A MARCHING ORDER?
OR ART THOU WATCHING ON THE BORDER?
THY FOEMAN, FROST, RIDES FAST AND FASTER,
HIS LANCE IS KEEN, BRAVE CHINA ASTER.

ASTER, ARMED WITH AUTUMN SPLENDOR,
TWO SHALL MEET AND ONE SURRENDER.
SOON UPON THEE, FROSTRATE, DYING,
SNOWS OF WINTER SHALL BE LYING;
CRUEL FROST WILL PROVE THY MASTER,
FARE THEE WELL, POOR CHINA ASTER.

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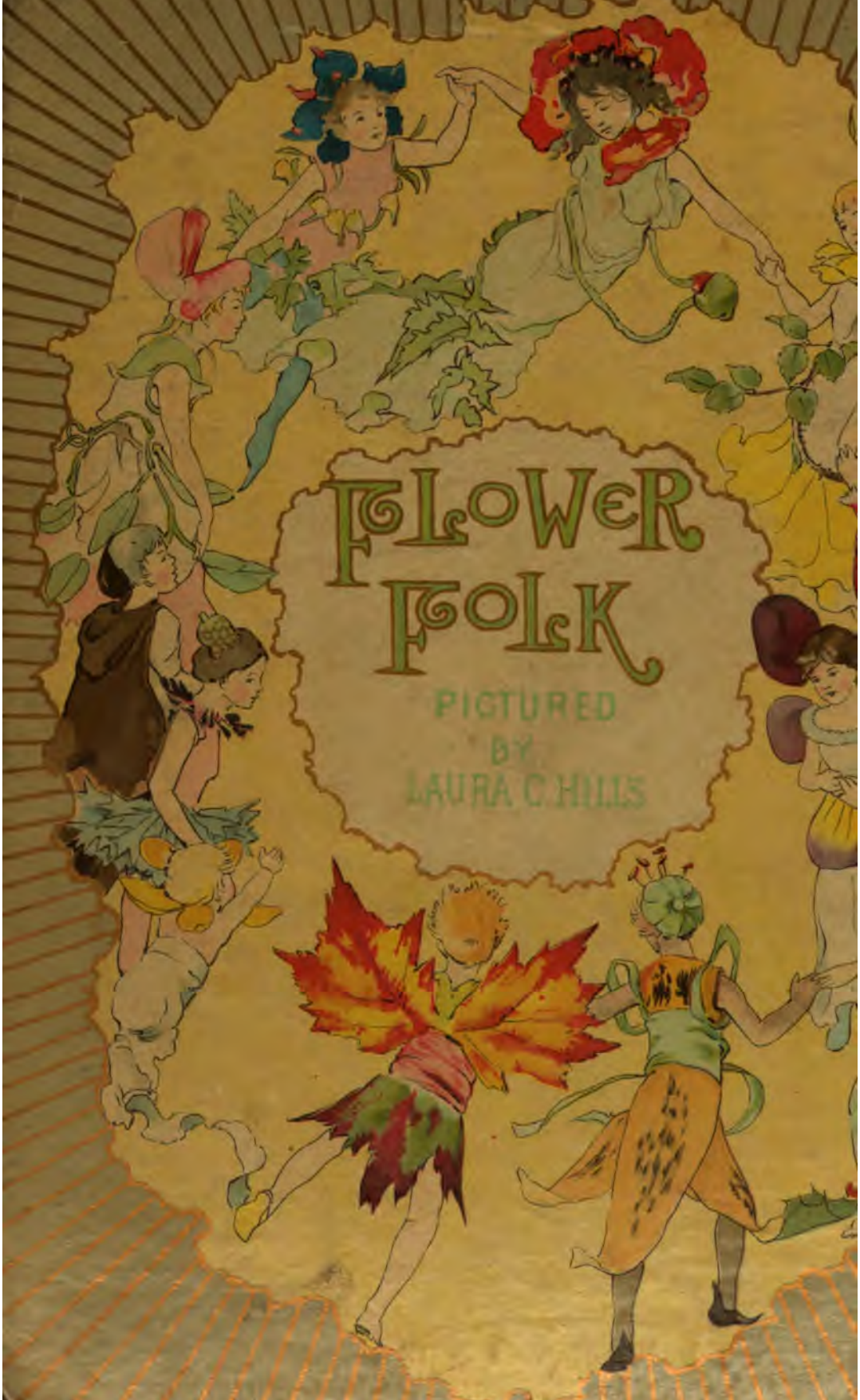
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